



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
LYRASIS Members and Sloan Foundation

INTER NOS

Vol. 1

March 1949

Number 1

Editorial	SISTER MARY DOLOROSA
Father King's Seminar	SISTER MARIE DE LOURDES
Catholicism and Democracy	SISTER AGNES BERNARD
Historical Memories	MRS. LILLIAN MAY EVANS
Stained Glass—A Study	SISTER MARY IGNATIA
The Oldest American Shrine North of Mexico	SISTER MARGUERITE
Tertullian Meets "The Guild"	SISTER MARY DOLOROSA
Making Booklovers	SISTER M. HORTENSIA
Music in the Post War World	SISTER M. CELESTINE
The Education of a Heretic	HELEN SHUBERT

Editorial

The first copy of "Inter Nos" appeared in 1929, in the form of a mimeographed sheet of four pages. It offered literary articles, contributed, for the most part, by students. As a semi-annual it continued until 1948, when it was suggested that "The View," a student publication, carrying campus news and other items of general interest supplied a need, and Inter Nos could gracefully withdraw from the scene.

When the matter was broached, Mother Marie de Lourdes, President of the college, considering "Inter Nos" a tradition, proposed that it become a quarterly, enlarged and given a magazine format. Faculty members also desired this.

Our present number, inaugurating the change, presents, in the main, contributions from the faculty. Two articles are by members of Mount Saint Mary's Alumnae Association; one an appreciation by a Charter Member; the other, a prize winning essay in a Phi Beta Kappa contest. The editors plan to publish other selections from prize winners in the literary field.

The second copy of "Inter Nos" will be made up chiefly, from material contributed by students, the Alumnae, and faculty members.

SISTER MARY DOLOROSA.

Father King's Seminar

By Mother Marie de Lourdes

Father King: So, this is the "wonderful" Browsing Room you girls have been wanting to show me; and that "breathtaking" view from the "precious" little balcony, and—

Mary Anne: Please, Father, don't make fun of our adjectives. Do sit down in this sumptuous wing chair before the fire place and enjoy both warmth and the view at the same time.

Fr. K.: Indeed, I 'm not making fun. I think your words were well chosen. With the ocean, mountains, trees, and the very heavens so near, you students should be poets, all of you. And there is Chaucer himself looking at you from that handsome panel over the hearth.

Betty S.: And the wife of Bath with her hat three-feet broad.

Fr. K.: Come, draw up these colorful chairs and settle around the fireplace and let us discuss the assignment I gave you last Wednesday.

Alice: Wait 'till you all hear the funny book Father King gave me to read.

Fr. K.: Funny?

Alice: Yes, funny. All the girls wanted to take it from me after I read them the part of the Ancren Riwele or The Nun's Rule, and told them about the nuns being forbidden to have more than one cat for a pet, and . . .

Georgia: Well, who would want more than one cat around, anyway?

Alice: I mean no more than one beast. Don't laugh. That's just what the author said, "ye shall not possess any beast, my dear sisters, except only a cat. . . ."

Fr. King: Yes, the whole account sounds rather bizarre to you modern girls. But the pages I marked for you, Alice, are more pertinent to our subject—that is the amour-courtois type of the Christ—Knight figuration in the Ancren Riwele (pronounced "rule," Alice, not Rile).

Alice: Thank you, Father. I did find that too, in the "tale that is a lesson under the cover of a similitude." The king who wooed

the lady beseiged by her foes in an earthen castle was our Lord, Himself, who in this manner wooed the soul which the devils had beseiged.

Fr. K.: Yes, the Ancren Riwele has the earliest figuration, in point of time, of Christ as a Knight. And, today, with all that we know about Knighthood and Chivalry we have no difficulty in recognizing in the passage Alice tried to explain of the allegorizing Jesus as a Knight, wooing and delivering His Lady Love from her grim foe.

Erica: It's a nice thought, I think.

Fr. K.: It is. And the gentle nuns for whom the rule was written saw nothing inconsistent in the allegorical allusion to the Divine Lover of the Soul exhibiting his Knightly prowess to win the favor of His beloved. Evonne, you wish to say something?

Evonne: I found that same idea in the "Love Rune" (spelled LUVÉRON) of Thomas de Hales, only he wrote poetry.

Betsy K.: Of course Evonne would choose poetry. Evonne is the poet of our class, Father.

Evonne: Thank you. My English teacher says "verse writer." But, anyway, in the Luvé Rune he assumes as quite proper to compare Christ to the courtly gentleman of romance. The lyric speaks of the insufficiency and (pay attention, you girls with diamonds on your left hand) and insecurity of earthly love. The last three lines are:

*"He is day without a night
There is no maid so wholly blessed
As she who dwells with such a Knight."*

Fr. K.: You see, here, as in the Ancren Riwele, the author compares Christ to the courtly gentleman of romance, with all the brave and amorous characteristics of the ideal lover-knight.

Georgia: Isn't there some reference to Christ as Knight, in the account of the Crusades, too?

Fr. K.: Yes, in Chanson d'Antroche, the Knights are called Jhesus Chevalier, and all through the songs of the Jongleurs, Trouveres, and Troubadours we find the same references.

Casilda: I wish I could pronounce French like that; I always have to pinch my nose when I say "Jongleurs."

Fr. K.: To go back to the Jhesus Chevalier, I hope some of you have read St. Bernard. It seems to me that the very beginnings of the Christ-Knight idea are found in the literature which described the doughty deeds of the Knight of Christ in the First Crusade. St. Bernard did much to combat the evils resulting from the Amour-courtois type of literature—the vogue of polite literature at the time.

Betsy K.: Amour-courtois! Toujours amour! Girls, we were born too late. If we had lived in the Age of Chivalry our boy friends would have knelt at our feet, begged for our love, written love lyrics to us—yes, even died for us.

Mary Clare: Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Betsy K.: You're going ahead of the period when you quote Shakespeare.

Erica: Tell us some more about this courtly love.

Betsy K.: "L'amant devient l'hommelige de la personne aimee . . . il accomplit ses volentes, obeit a ses ordres, execute, ses moindres caprices—

Natalie: What a lover! We should read these rules of courtly love to our boy friends.

Carol: Better translate them first or they would just grin and say "oui, oui, Marie, come with me," not knowing that they were pledging themselves to obey all our orders and to execute all our caprices.

Fr. K.: To come back to St. Bernard, so constantly did the Saint contrast divine with earthly love in his sermons on the Cantic of Canticles that we need not wonder that in an age when allegory was used by religious and secular writers, to delineate contemporary life and when heroes of legend and song were spoken of in terms of Chivalry, Christ would be given the role of the conventional lover—the Knight. A contemporary of St. Bernard writes:

*"as seyth Barnard who so lyst to se
Figured fyrst into Josue
Thorow hys knyghthode when that he should lede
The pepull of God to name him in their nede.*

But all of you have read *Piers Plowman* which, to my mind, contains the best examples of Christ-Knight allegory.

Helen: But wasn't Piers Plowman written later than the "courtly love" period?

Fr. K.: True, the court of love picturization is all but gone, but the Piers Plowman, quite in the spirit of chivalric ideals, represents our Lord as jousting against His single adversary, Satan.

Casilda: But in this case, the Knight-Christ is not fighting for a lady, only, but for "mankynd's sake".

Fr. K.: This is correct. Christ spends and gives Himself, teaching the way of a true knight's duties; gates must be entered, castles besieged, but, as we naturally expect from the author of Piers Plowman, there is no romance connected with the delivery of an imprisoned lady. Christ does, indeed, enter the tournament to joust, but here is heroism, not romance.

Mary Jane: Isn't that a beautiful and awful description of the battle between Life and Death; when the light of day turns to darkness, and dead bodies rise and—

Mary Anne: Beautiful?

Fr. K.: The whole poem is magnificent. The whole, beautiful scheme of Redemption is represented by the poet—terms of knight-hood, from the mystery of the Incarnation to the Harrowing of Hell. The Poet never once loses sight of the fact that life upon earth is a warfare in which Christ, like a true Knight will wage against the "fende," and conquer in "bataille."

But look, "the light of day turns to darkness" and we must leave this comfortable Browsing Room and go to other duties.

Good afternoon, girls. See you next week. Remember, you do all the talking on the next assignment—The Sonnets of Shakespeare.

Catholicism and Democracy

By Sister Agnes Bernard

"And the Tribune said to him.: Tell me art thou a Roman? But he said: Yes. And the Tribune answered: I obtained the being free of this city with a great sum. And Paul said: But I was born free." (Acts XXII:27-28)

Paul was proud of his Roman citizenship and he had reason to be. Because of it he could count himself among the masters of the world. He was free to come and go as he saw fit throughout the Roman Empire. His person was inviolable. Wherever he went Roman law cast about him the cloak of its protection, and to Roman law alone was he amenable for his acts. Dishonor to him was dishonor to the State. Should any man lay violent hands on him or should the law be perverted to do him injustice, he had the right of appeal, not to a court or to any official, but to Rome itself, personified, more deified, in the person of its Caesar. Indeed, in that elder day to be a Roman was to be greater than to be king.

In this later day there is an honor greater than that in which Paul took such pride, greater than to be a Roman or a king, it is the honor of being an American citizen. For to be an American citizen is to possess liberties and rights and privileges unknown to kings and unheard of in the Roman Empire. To be an American citizen is a title of pre-eminence and it is pre-eminent because no citizen can be seized, or cast into prison, or threatened with scourging on a charge such as that brought against Paul. No American can ever be branded as a criminal legally for what he says nor scourged for what he believes. The crown and glory of his citizenship are freedom of speech and freedom of religion. Paul was a citizen but he was not a person; an American is a person, and a citizen.

Paul, however, was more than a Roman citizen, he was a Christian. As a Roman citizen he was possessed of great and inalienable rights, but as a Christian he had grave and unavoidable duties, which were neither known nor recognized in Roman law. The first and most obvious duty was to speak the truth as God gave him to see it, and to worship the God in whom he believed. This was the crime for which he was bound with thongs and for which he was to be scourged. With the sense of emancipation which came to Paul through his conversion, he believed he had the right to think freely, to speak freely, and to worship God in freedom. Rome had given much to Paul, but it demanded much. It had made him and all its citizens masters of the world, but it would not grant that

he or they should in any way be masters of themselves. It demanded that he or they should surrender themselves body and mind and will, to the State, that they should think only as the State permitted, that they should act only as the State saw fit, and that they should worship no gods but those the State prescribed.

Paul carried his case to Rome, and when Rome in the person of Nero, its deified ruler, grasped the significance of what Paul and the Christians desired—to control their consciences and beliefs—the floodgates of Rome's wrath were opened. Paul and Peter and their co-religionists were gathered and cast into prison. The poulace of Rome was invited to a festival at which they would see this new thing, this religion of a crucified prophet crushed into infamy under the sword, the spear, the lash, the torch and the teeth and claws of wild beasts. For days Rome revelled in the spectacle and then sickened at the sight of the mangled bodies of its victims. But even in its disgust at the inhumanity of its rulers, it did not realize that the light which illuminated the sky from the burning bodies of the martyrs would never be put out.

The Christians died, but the principles for which they suffered lived. Rome viewed the assertion of this principle as a challenge to the idea of the omnipotent State, and Rome took up the challenge. It stretched forth its hand and it seized all who thought and believed as Paul and the other martyrs of Nero did, and it gave them the choice of apostacy or death. And there were men and women and children who preferred death to betrayal. Year after year, century after century the struggle continued. On the one side were all the power and weapons of tyranny and autocracy; on the other, resolution founded on faith. To one set of victims others succeeded in increasing numbers until it was borne in upon the minds of the Romans that the Christians were dying for something greater than Rome itself, that they were dying for the honor of the God in whom they believed, and for liberty to worship Him.

And a day came when Rome admitted defeat and a Roman Emperor, Constantine, issued an Edict of Toleration—the right of free worship. The duty for which Paul and the Christian during the years of persecution had died, had now become a right and Roman citizenship took on a new meaning. For now the citizens were free not only in the external world of sense, but in the internal world of the spirit.

The Edict of Constantine was the first great Charter of human liberty. It was a constitutional enactment whereby the greatest State of antiquity limited the field of its own jurisdiction, and renounced the right to interfere in matters of conscience. And this Charter was the foundation of succeeding liberties.

Liberty may be gained but it must be guarded and its price is eternal vigilance. History shows that autocracy dies hard and so

we find Constantine before his death seeking to make the Catholic Church a department of State. The same policy was pursued by his sons and successors and, when Justinian succeeded in setting up his policy of Caesero-Papism religion was doomed in Eastern Roman Empire. The result of that policy, discernible in the cruel history of Byzantine and Muscovite churches, in the unlimited autocracy of the Czar, in the excesses of the Holy Synod, was the reactionary policy which made the Russian State such an easy prey to destruction some years ago and paved the way for the Communist rule there today with its negation of religion.

In the Western Empire the policy of bringing the Church under the control of the State was fought at all points and at all hazards by the Pope and the bishops. If the early period of the Church was a conflict with Roman imperialistic absolutism, its medieval period was a struggle with the feudalistic militarism of the Teutonic nations. The Church would not surrender what it had gained in its struggle with Rome; it would not consent that rulers should frame creeds nor rule men's consciences. It became a school to teach men freedom by opposing autocracy and upholding authority for, if the arbitrary will of any man or group of men is permitted to supersede the orderly processes of law, there can be no liberty. If liberty is to survive there must be law in society and self-restraint in the individuals. Liberty finds its ultimate home in the soul and in conscience, and its first expression in a willingness to grant to others the rights each demands for himself.

This was the lesson the Church impressed on the peoples of the Middle Ages. In placing constituted authority under the protection of conscience it gave civil authority a sacredness, and in freeing conscience from arbitrary power it laid the foundations of civil and religious freedom. It was inevitable that adherence to this fundamental principle of the right to liberty and of respect for authority would have the most far reaching effects in all departments of life, that new institutions would arise, and that old ones would vanish. Lord Acton has this to say: "Looking back over the space of a thousand years which we call the Middle Ages, to get an estimate of the work they had done, if not towards perfection in their institutions, at least towards attaining the knowledge of political truth, this is what we find: Representative government, which was unknown to the ancients, was almost universal. The methods of election were crude; but the principle that no tax was lawful that was not granted by the class that paid it—that is, that taxation was inseparable from representation—was recognized, not as the principle of certain countries, but as the right of all. Slavery was almost everywhere extinct; and absolute power was deemed more intolerable and more criminal than slavery. Even the principles of the Habeas Corpus Act, and the method of the income tax were already known. The issue of the ancient politics was an absolute state founded on slavery. The political produce of the Middle

Ages was a system of states in which authority was restricted by the representation of powerful classes, by privileged associations and by the acknowledgment of duties superior to those which are imposed by man."

Thus the history of the Middle Ages is the gradual extension of Christian duty into a great body of human right. If it was the duty of Paul to believe in and to teach the doctrines of Christ, it was the duty of all Catholics to believe that all men are created equal, that holiness and obligations of family life must be respected, and that earthly goods are not destined solely for earthly enjoyment. When these moral prescriptions had become social law and when they were enforced by public opinion, freedom and equality before the law was secured. It is on this basis of medieval liberty that all modern liberty rests.

The Church succeeded in vindicating the divine rights of conscience and the benevolent despots of the succeeding ages sought to entrench themselves in the doctrine of the divine right of kings. In many places the rulers became the heads of the Church in their respective states. They undertook to keep the conscience and to regulate the beliefs of their subjects. Test Acts, Conformity Acts and Acts of Supremacy were multiplied, and as a consequence the Church was brought into open conflict with the rulers of England, Germany and other states. When power passed away from the dynasties, autocracy found a home in the despotism of the law, and the last chapter in this struggle against the Church and Human liberty was written when the world was called to arms to destroy the principles that had lain behind the activities of Bismarck, Combes and the leaders of European statesmanship in the nineteenth century.

In this Western Hemisphere, the home of liberty, there are nearly a score of commonwealths which have all adopted a republican form of government and which are all devoted to the purposes of liberty. The men who founded these states were Europeans or the descendants of Europeans. They brought with them the conception of a social order, which was in direct antithesis to the tradition of government which had dominated European government under Rome, under the feudalism of the Teutonic states, under the subsequent absolutism and autocracy. The conception which the founders of the American republics had before them was that which had been evolving slowly through the centuries under the leadership of Catholic theologians and philosophers. With a knowledge of the evils inherent in the older forms of government and of the limitations they placed on human liberty, the fathers of these republics in drawing up the constitutions under which they were to live, wisely restricted state and legislative activity in those matters where fundamental questions of human rights were involved. These constitutions are at

the same time enactments for the orderly conduct of government, and proclamations of liberty and right which the governments are forbidden to infringe. The duty for which Paul and the early Christians died, the rights and duties for which the Church won acknowledgment in the Middle Ages, are almost identical with the maxims in our constitution, and thus the line from Paul to our American citizenship today is complete. The duty for which Paul had to die and which he considered a right has become the pride of American citizenship. That right of individual freedom which Rome regarded as a menace to its existence has become the foundation stone of the Western Hemisphere. That duty became a right in the Edict of Constantine, it became a Bill of Rights in the Middle Ages, and these have become the organic law of the American states. It is for this reason that a Catholic takes such pride in his American citizenship. The line connecting this citizenship with Paul and those countless martyrs for freedom, those who like him died and are dying for liberty, is the Catholic Church. The channel through which the freedom proclaimed by Christ has flowed to the modern world is the Church. The school in which men were trained for liberty, its advocate and champion throughout the ages, is the Catholic Church.

Historical Memories

By Mrs. Lillian May Evans, '29, a Charter Member

The History of Mount Saint Mary's is a history of the courage and foresight of the Sisters of Saint Joseph of Corondelet.

In the Spring of 1925, Mt. St. Mary's was only an idea; but with the Summer the idea grew and materialized, and in September the first classes were held in a single classroom in the novitiate wing of St. Mary's Academy. Though the material beginning was modest, the Sisters spared no effort or expense in obtaining the finest teaching staff that Southern California could provide.

We, the Charter members, were imbued with some of the enthusiasm that filled the Sisters. We had the name of Mt. St. Mary's and we had a plan drawn on a piece of paper, but above all we had a vision; a vision of a beautiful college set on a mountain top, dedicated to the Mother of God.

In the warm anticipation of this dream, we worked on, growing gradually in number until we had to move into a new building, erected for us on the Academy grounds. Time and again we drove out into the mountains, over roads which never quite fulfilled their promise: always searching for a site for our college. We gazed at the magnificent vistas, but something was always lacking. It

didn't quite measure up to our vision of Mt. St. Mary's. And then one day, up in the mountains overlooking the sea, we found it! What if the roads were almost impassable and the mountainsides so rugged that conservative onlookers questioned our sanity? Strengthened with that courage which has enabled the Sisters of St. Joseph to pioneer in religious and educational life, they made the decision. The land was purchased.

On the day when the first spadeful of earth was turned, which marked the beginning of the erection of the college, we, the charter members, received the diplomas which signified the termination of our college years. Yet we left with no feeling of regret, or envy of those who would carry on in our places; for though they might have the growing reality of a magnificent college, we had had the glory of the vision. We had had four perfect years in which we had seen the faith and courage of the Sisters cause a dream to grow into reality.

Determined to keep in touch with our college, we formed an Alumnae Association in June 1929. As a part of our initial ceremony we declared our allegiance to our Alma Mater and pledged ourselves to live up to the standards of Catholic womanhood which had been formed therein. Nineteen years of alumnae activities have rolled along. And in the course of the years the Charter members and other older alumnae members had drifted away from active contact with their association. Then last year, in the Spring of 1947, the word came that the constitution should be revised to keep in form with an expanding alumnae association. It was felt that the Charter members who had written the original Constitution should work on the revision. Assisted by Sister Dolorosa, who had supervised the original document, a committee of the charter members planned the necessary revisions.

The Executive board of the Alumnae for the year 1947 and 1948 under the direction of its President, Mrs. Davida Rheinlander, has been representative of all ages. Older graduates and more recent graduates have met regularly with Sister Dolorosa at the Mount and planned the coming activities. As might be expected with so diversified a group, agreement was not always easy. Plans were thoroughly discussed and considered before satisfactory conclusions were reached.

As this alumnae year draws to a close, we, the members of the executive board for the year 1947 and 1948, feel that we have been privileged to renew our contacts with our college. If at times it may have seemed difficult to leave our press of duties and drive the long miles to the college, we feel that we have been amply rewarded when we realize that we have had an opportunity of repaying in a small way our obligation to Mt. St. Mary's, that obligation which we recognized in our initiation ceremony when we said, "My debt to Mount Saint Mary's can never be fully repaid."

STAINED GLASS — A Study

By Sister Mary Ignatia

"The errand of the window seems always to have been that of beauty, although it has more than one way of performing that service."¹ Scanning its history we find that stained glass was used as early as 306 B.C. in the far East. Small pieces of glass were arranged to produce a gem-like effect, but never was glazing found in the covering of large window spaces. The Romanesque period made notable advances in the use of mosaic glass but "it was not until the birth of Gothic Architecture with its large window openings that the full value of glass as a transmitter of light and a polychromatic decorative material was fully appreciated."² Gothic Architecture in other words created a necessity for the introduction of colour, simultaneously with light, and small wall spaces—stained glass was the solution. At first the quarry³ windows were much used; later on, quarries were formed into designs. As larger pieces of glass came to be manufactured, the introduction of a figure in the central light with quarries in the other lights gave greater scope to the artist, and by the representation of saints from the old and New Testament, windows grew to be doctrinally a sort of *Biblia Pauperum* for the poor and unlettered.

The quarry windows developed by gradual steps as the desire for ornament grew with the artists, as well as with the people, and the beautiful windows called *Grisaille* were the result. A great deal of the glass of the Fourteenth Century was painted in *Grisaille* of an extremely beautiful character. The whole light was framed with a coloured border and figures were painted in the central quarries, usually in brilliant glass, while the *grisaille* background was a cool white or yellowish and greenish white, painted with black enamel and shaded with cross-hatch strokes to give variety. The foliage was naturally drawn with the black or dark enamel. "There were significant passages of yellow," Day tells us, "but the effect of the whole was cool and silvery."⁴ This treatment not only admitted more light than the dark mosaic windows of the Thirteenth Century, but provided a contrast so that if the clerestory windows were done in the heavier pot-metal glass, the triforium, if glazed, was done in *grisaille*. Day describes *grisaille* in a beautiful sentence—"the effect is as of a mass of jewels caught in a network of white."⁵ A Venetian colony at Limoges, France, revolutionized the art of glazing by discovering a painting with metallic pigments which

1—Sherrill, Chas. Hitchcock. Stained Glass Tours in England. p. 3

2—Encyclopedia, Catholic. Stained Glass

3—See note *carre*

4—Windows. Day, F. Lewis p. 179

5—Windows. Day, F. Lewis p. 188

could be fused into the glass. The city of Chartres took the lead in this art and became the greatest school of glazing of the Middle Ages. Even today the windows of Chartres are considered the most beautiful in existence.

After so glorious a history, stained glass suffered a period of decadence. The glass artist adopted the technique of the painter, and so glazing became only another manner of painting a picture, with the result that the real art of stained glass making seemed to be lost. "Happily this art has been revived and restored in recent years and there are now craftsmen who are making stained glass windows like those of long ago, eloquent in symbolism and splendid in color, but with a perfection of drawing to which the Mediaeval artists had not attained."¹

Among the truly good examples of stained glass to be found in California are the windows of St. Dominic's Church in San Francisco. In St. Dominic's we find both stained glass and grisaille. Competent critics hold that the grisaille windows representing the cycle of the fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary are the best windows in the church, but for any one other than a connoisseur it would be difficult to make a definite choice.

The apsidal windows of the clerestory are the first which claim the attention on entering the church, so I shall attempt their description first. It is well to know that in church liturgy there is a definite color symbolism, and that the principal liturgical colors are five in number. Briefly, white or gold means joyfulness, purity, glory. Red means love, or charity as it is liturgically called, and the greatest and highest demonstration of it, martyrdom. This color indicates the commemoration of a martyr when used in church vestments. Green means hope and speaks of the promise of eternal life. Purple means penance, and also indicated royalty, or the mourning of kings. Purple is used in this sense in altar drapings except on Good Friday when black is used.

Rich, glowing colour, characteristic stained glass technique, harmony of colour with the design and symbolism chosen, and what Ralph Adams Cram calls

that beauty which is sacramental in essence for it is an outward and visible sign of a spiritual truth;²

this is in brief what the cycle of the Seven Sacraments impresses on the beholder.

In the central, or key window, Christ is represented with arms extended upon the sacrificial cross, the altar of the New law, which in this presentation, so freighted with symbolic meaning, tran-

¹—Calendar, Church, St. Dominic's July 1925

²—Cram, R. A. *The Gothic Quest*, p. 276

scends its literal meaning. There is no agony depicted on Christ's countenance, but a peaceful majesty which speaks more of a completed sacrifice, and draws the mind to the mystic plan of the redemption revealed in the symbolic language of art throughout this noble work.

"The figures of David and Isaias, in the lancets to the right and left of the center, symbolize the generations that looked for the Redeemer to come; they recall countless inspired words to the lovers of the Psalms, and of the poetic words of Isaias, "With the Lord there is mercy, and with Him plenteous redemption." (Ps. CXXIX) "If He shall lay down His life for sin, He shall see a long-lived seed and the will of the Lord shall be prosperous in His land." (Is. LIII, 10) ¹

One of the most beautiful and significant of all the combined symbols is reserved for the base composition which unites Apostles and Evangelists in the plan of redemption.

"In the four extreme corners of the lower section are the symbols of the Evangelists, Saints Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. The twelve sheep drinking of the living waters flowing from beneath the chalice at the foot of the cross, are symbolical of the twelve Apostles and through them of all the redeemed. The vine with twelve clusters of grapes symbolizes the passion of Him who 'trod the wine press alone' and at the same time the sacrifice of the Mass in which as at the last supper, wine is converted into the blood of Christ." ²

The predominating color in this window is red.

The general symbolism of the seven sacraments as the fountain-heads of grace indicated in the Crucifixion Window is carried out in detail in the six remaining windows of the apse; so, beginning with the first window on the right of the crucifixion one finds that it combines the symbolism of Baptism and Confirmation. Christ is the central figure in this as in the other windows, and dominates the composition by the size of the figure as well as by its prominence. In primitive Christian art this manner of symbolizing the importance of the chief figure in a sacred picture was crudely but naively done. One feels its appropriateness here, especially in so rigid a medium as stained glass where symbolic treatment must be adhered to with directness and simplicity. In this window, Christ assumes the priestly character and wears Gothic vestments. The figure in the left lancet represents St. Phillip baptizing a Neophyte, in the right lancet St. John imposes hands on the head of the Christian and a ray of light with red tongues of fire, symbolizing the love of the Holy Spirit, descends on the kneeling figure. Here the predominating color is blue.

At the left of the Crucifixion, as seems fitting, is the window

¹—St. Dominic's Calendar, Oct. 1926

²—Connick, Chas. St. Dominic's Calendar-Ibid.

symbolizing the sacrament of Penance. The figure of Christ is full of majesty and of beauty. One hand is raised in benediction; the other holds the triple circle and triangle, in the center of which is the sacred monogram. The figures in the right and left lancets are Mary Magdalen, the great penitent, and St. Peter, who thrice denied his Master but repented and sealed his love with martyrdom. The color symbolism here is red and purple. The composition in the base of the window represents Christ washing His disciples feet at the Last Supper. The kneeling figure of Christ surrounded by the Apostles in attitudes of prayer is a composition of singular rhythmic beauty in color and line. The symbols appearing in this window are linked closely with the subject so we see the cock below St. Peter, the Alabaster box below Magdalen and the Lamb in the quatrefoil at the pinnacle.

In the window of the Holy Eucharist the symbolic treatment of the design has been carried out with a master hand. None but an artist glazier could have conceived and executed so fine an example of symbolic representation. Christ is shown here as the Master of life and death, and so stands at the entrance to the tomb. Lilies rise on either side while a green shroud, symbolizing immortality falls from His shoulders. The chalice which He holds is red, while in His right hand is the white host. The wounds in His hands and feet attest the mystery of the passion and death. In the left lancet is shown Moses receiving the Manna from the hand of God, recalling the words "Your fathers did eat Manna, and are dead. He that eateth this bread shall live forever."¹ In the right lancet Elias is seen receiving the miraculous bread and water from the angel. The lower part of the window shows the Multiplication of the Loaves and Fishes. The fish and basket with three loaves so frequently seen in the Catacombs is set in a small medallion below. The color symbolism is green.

Holy Orders is represented in the next window and Christ wears here a crown and priestly vestments, showing His royalty as well as His priesthood. Melchisedech, the priest king, His antitype, is in the left lancet, and offers bread and wine. In the right lancet stands Aaron who represents the priesthood of the Mosaic dispensation. Below in the lower part a priest at a modern altar raises the host. The symbols of St. Peter, showing his primacy viz. the tiara, and the keys appear on either side. Royal purple is the predominating color.

In the window representing the sacrament of Matrimony, Christ is depicted as a boy of twelve in the short tunic of the period. The Christian family is symbolized by St. Joseph, on one side, and His holy Mother Mary on the other. The ennobling character of honest labour is typified by the carpenter's ax carried by Joseph

1—St. John. Chap. VI, verse 59

and the distaff which Mary holds. Below are represented Adam and Eve and the serpent, while a Mother with her daughters occupies the panel on the right of the center, and a father with his sons that on the left. Blue predominates in this window.

The seventh sacrament, or Extreme Unction is administered in mortal illness, and prepares the Christian for his last journey. The healing of the body which Christ performed so often while restoring sanctifying grace to the soul, as for example when he said to the paralytic, "Go thy sins are forgiven,"¹ typifies the transformation which this sacrament operates in the soul. In this window Christ wears blue-violet vestments and the stole used in administering the sacrament. An Apostle in the right and left lancets blesses and imposes hands upon the sick. In the lower part is depicted the Miracle at the Pool of Siloe, when an angel troubled the waters and he who first went in was healed of his infirmity.

In each of the windows of this cycle the subject and its development were linked closely with the symbolic color which befitted them, but in addition the use of blue as a background throughout throws a harmonizing mantle over this apsidal group as though the heavens themselves shone through. There are many reasons why the artist has been so lavish in his use of blue, and the following extract is significant:

"Blue has a powerful significance in general symbolism. It is the color of heavenly contemplation, of heavenly love, of loyalty, eternity and truth. All of these considerations may have influenced the artists of the Middle Ages in their preference for blue. —Perhaps the workers in glass early discovered that it is the greatest of all colors in radiation—that it spreads more and therefore, influences other colours to a greater degree—As to the generous use of blue in these windows, it relates to my observation of the ancient windows and to a strong feeling for its beautiful symbolism as well as for its own innate loveliness.—One tires quickly of **hot** combinations in glass that give prominence to reds, yellows and warm greens, with but few cool blues, or cool violets or whites. To me blue is supreme as a spiritual colour. I feel that it has a greater power to suggest the great Gifts of the Holy Spirit than any other colour, I am sure I should feel this if I had never heard of the colour symbolism of the Middle Ages."²

We come now to the description of the windows of the Lady Chapel. This little chapel is a vertical rectangle situated where the north arm of the transept and the chancel meet, and is separated from the chancel ambulatory by a wrought iron grille. The north wall of the chapel provides for its lighting by three large windows representing the Rosary cycle, and separated from each other only by mullions.

1—St. John, Chap. V, verses 2-8

2—Connick, Chas. J. Calendar, St. Dominic's Church, August, 1927

The type of glass used here is grisaille, of which mention has been made before. To make comparisons between these windows and those of the apse would be as impossible as to compare a robe of velvet and gold with one of lace and pearls. Little can be done to describe so exquisite a technique and composition so as to conjure up a picture of the reality for those not familiar with Grisaille. The first window represents the Joyful mysteries; the second, the Sorrowful and the third the Glorious.

The central figure in the first window is the white-robed Virgin Mother, in the second the suffering and thorn-crowned Christ wearing the scarlet garment, the *Mock King* whom Pilate showed to the rabble; in the third St. Dominic wearing the white habit and black cloak of his order, and recognized by the six pointed star above his head. The central figures in these windows have much greater prominence than those in the apse because the mysteries are carried out in comparatively small circular medallions around the center, thus allowing as much of the grisaille as possible to be seen; also because they occupy almost the entire vertical space, and are enclosed in that type of aureole called the vesica, an almond shaped glory sometimes seen in sacred representations. The hieratic beauty and dignity of these figures so typically Gothic can scarcely be described. The lily and the heraldic rose appear everywhere in tracery quatrefoils and background, exquisite in design and color. The symbolism of color gives blue to Mary, scarlet to the passion and gold to the glorious cycle of Our Lord's life.

It may be another generation before the full number of windows in St. Dominic's is completed, but it is reassuring to know that they were all designed as a unit. Those who shall be privileged to see the completion of this great work have indeed a promise that there will be no jarring or disturbing note.

NOTE.—Quarry (Fr. Carre') a square—the term came from the simplest and cheapest way of glazing a window with glass cut into straight sided squares or diamonds.

The Oldest American Shrine North of Mexico

By Sister Marguerite

"No piles of crutches, none of the appurtenances of the lame, the halt and the blind will you find at the Jesuit Martyrs' Shrine at Fort Ste. Marie as you will at the older shrines of miracle fame. You may indeed inquire of folk who live within a few miles from the Fort for the turn you take in the road and they will be unable to put you right." These quotations are taken from The Evening Telegram of Toronto, Canada, dated Aug. 29, 1927.

But this was about twenty years ago.

The following is a notice published in 1948. "There is no site in Canada more easy of access than the Jesuit Martyrs' Shrine. The Canadian National Railroad from Toronto stops twice daily, Highways No. 2, 11, 12 and 27 come directly from the North Bay region, Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto. By water the Chicago, Duluth and Georgian Bay Co., the Detroit and Cleveland Navigation Co. and the Canadian Pacific Steamship Co. dock weekly or bi-weekly for passengers to disembark. The Gray Coach lines run several busses daily."

Such are the changes which have occurred, due to the religious and historic memories attached to the venerable site, as well as to the many spiritual and temporal favors accorded to people of every creed and race.

Americans, by reason of their glorious missionary careers crowned by martyrdom in the New World, these intrepid Jesuit priests and donnés were all French by birth. The description of the manner in which they were done to death makes one shudder in this day of so many creature comforts; but their deeds have been attested by the shrines, erected to their honor in Auriesville, New York and near Midland, Ontario, Canada. It is to the latter I invite you to accompany me in a series of pilgrimages, covering a time element of three hundred years.

Under date of February 18th, 1644, Pope Urban VIII granted a plenary indulgence to all pilgrims, who, under the usual conditions, would visit the chapel of Fort Ste. Marie, on the feast of St. Joseph. This precious document is preserved in excellent condition in St. Mary's College, Montreal, and affords proof of the antiquity of this Shrine.

In the Jesuit Relations, which were personal letters and mission records sent to the European Superiors, brothers in religion, rela-

tives or friends, there is one written by Father Vimont, S. J. in 1644. This gives a very good idea of the headquarters of the missionaries. He wrote, "This house is not only an abode for ourselves but it is also a resort for the neighboring tribes and still more for the Christians from all parts. We have therefore been compelled to establish a hospital for the sick, a cemetery for the dead, a church for public devotions, a retreat for pilgrims and finally, a place for the others who are still infidels."

When Canada was ceded to England in 1763, the flag which had given special protection and aid to the French missionaries ceased to float over the New World, a change took place in the Episcopal jurisdiction of Canada. The Society of Jesus was suppressed in 1764 and restored in 1842; time was then necessary to recover and make available the "Relations." All these factors seemed to draw the veil of oblivion over the most thrilling pages of early American church history. Therefore for many years, the exact location of the old mission and fort had been forgotten, the terrane had become overgrown with trees and shrubs and even the river had somewhat changed its course. However, in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, when British colonists began to fell trees and clear land for homesteads, copper kettles, kitchen utensils, ash-beds of ancient fire places, brass candelabra and sacred vessels used for the holy Sacrifice of the Mass were turned up by the ploughshares. These indications of a previous occupation became known to the settlers stimulating interest in these men, for whom the gates of Heaven had been opened through the savage cruelty of the Iroquois and Huron. An immense stone ruin was discovered hidden in a dense mass of brushwood, on the shores of the River Wye, which enters the Bay of Gloucester, an inlet of the Bay of Matchedash, itself an inlet of the vast Georgian Bay of Lake Huron, which three centuries before our heroes had ascended in a birch canoe. Soon the primeval forests were cleared within a half mile of the bay, fields were cultivated, much to the surprise of the Indians, a range of palisades and bastioned walls, were uncovered which formerly enclosed the mission or residence of Fort Ste. Marie. "HOME" to our Sainted brothers!

Two years after the restoration of the Society of Jesus, 1844. Rev. Pierre Chazelle, S. J. made a trip, which he called a pilgrimage, to the venerable spot and found all in ruins except the old fort.

But this was over a century ago. The moats had been filled in, the stones had been taken away for other purposes. All but the memory of the Church seemed to have been lost, when the Holy See asked that the Cause of Beatification be instituted. Then interest became acute. Everyone, from the Canadian Government officials, archaeologists, and historians, to the most humble farmer, joined in the study of the martyrs and their works. The "Rela-

tions" were carefully and prayerfully perused and discussed by all.

About thirty years ago, while a student at St. Joseph's Convent in Toronto, my excitement was great one day, because I was to make my first trip to the Shrine. Ever since I could remember, I had heard about the good priests who had been martyred near-by, and especially St. Anthony Daniel, who had met his death on property now belonging to my grandfather. Many times indeed, with awe, I had looked over the prominence under which the Saint had been thrown into the flames which consumed his little chapel, where he had just finished Mass. Also I had been told, almost as a secret too sacred to be known outside the family, that sacred vessels had been found in the fields. Later, in 1931, I was to walk here with my once completely blind uncle, miraculously given his sight through this Saint's intercession. He had been told by outstanding Canadian and American specialists that there was absolutely no chance that he might see again. Too, a Sister of St. Joseph of Toronto, whom we saw and talked with every day and who was crippled in such a way that she could not kneel, had gone to the Shrine, only to find it locked and closed for the winter; but had returned to Toronto completely cured. I went to the Shrine expecting to see a beautiful church as at Ste. Anne de Beaupré and found only the poorest, tiny wooden structure—not even as pretentious as the ice-house on any neighboring farm.

When our family and a Jesuit brother were planning for his First Solemn Mass in 1926, I was somewhat at a loss to understand their wishes that he say this Mass at the Shrine, since within a few miles, in Penetanguishene, was the huge stone church dedicated to the Jesuit Martyrs, which had meant so much to us as children. But I was unaware of the changes which had taken place. Much to my amazement, an imposing stone edifice of attractive design now housed the earthly relics of our canonized Saints. Perched on the top of a hill, which according to Parkman was the camping ground of three thousand Indians, and with the blue waters of the bay in the background, the Shrine of the Jesuit Martyrs truly provides a majestic setting for the miracles which show their power with God.

The present Pontiff has renewed the spiritual privileges granted by his predecessor three centuries ago.

Let us return again in 1948. The intervening years have changed the appearance but little. The twin towers are most imposing, the grounds are beautiful and well kept, life-size statues of the Saints are met as one drives up the hill, a Lourdes Grotto is near-by, fourteen bronze Stations of the Cross, made in France, encircle the hill, a Look-out on the summit commands a view of the Georgian Bay and the River Wye into which the Martyrs entered after an

800-mile paddle from Quebec, statues of St. Ignatius and Catherine Tekawitha, a hostel accomodating more than one hundred guests and a museum—these were all there in 1931. Inside the Shrine we find the same exquisite crystal and bejewelled reliquary, the unusual native wood panelling, the enormous painting of the Queen of Martyrs surrounded by her North-American Saints, the smaller paintings depicting the manner in which each man met his death, the Toronto newspaper now would need to record that much space is taken up with braces, eye-glasses and artificial supports which have been left by miraculously cured pilgrims. Besides these there are hundreds of written testimonials of spiritual and temporal favors received.

But this was 1948! Everyone was busy, excited and interested in planning the tercentennial celebration of St. Anthony Daniel's martyrdom on July 4th. The town of his day, Teananstayé, was burnt by the angry Iroquois on the day of his death. Now it is Mount St. Louis and numbers 80 people who were to act as hosts to 3000 pilgrims coming by plane, boat, car, or train from all parts of the United States and Canada.

I watched the people, a few of the 100,000 who would come this summer; some ill, some mentally distressed, some curious, some happy. I had read copies of the letters of these Saints to their dear ones in Europe. Surely no soil was more fragrant with deeds of sacrifice than this—traversed by these men of good families and excellent education, who three hundred years ago had dwelt here, suffering cold and hunger, struggling with the strange language and customs of the Indians and at times looking across the bay praying and wondering when Richelieu would send relief.

Who are these Saints? Saints Isaac Joques, John Lalande, and René Goupil, who belong in a special way to the United States and are honored by an American shrine at Auriesville, N. Y.; John de Brebeuf, Superior of the Mission Ste. Marie; Anthony Daniel; Gabriel Lalemont; Charles Garnier and Noel Chabanel.

Like the Indians, who were in awe of their courage and devotion, may we too share in the merits of their love and zeal for souls.

J. M. J.

Tertullian Meets "The Guild"

By Sister Mary Dolorosa

"Allow me to present—Do you prefer that I introduce you as Mr. Tertullian, Mr. Quintus, or Mr. Quintus Septimus Floreus Tertullianus?"

"It makes no difference—no difference at all! 'What's in a name?' If the group before me boasts the most meagre knowledge of early Christian litterateurs, they know me already. If not, they know me now from all the questions by which you have just delayed my discourse. Let's get to the point."

"Would you mind stating the subject of your talk? We have gathered here a group of our students, and members of the Guild. I am sure this would add to their interest."

"Hmph! Some of these before me are not so bad as the original group for which I prepared this admonition. There's one over in the far corner, whose hair is not the color God gave her! You right in front of me, never should dye your nails that atrocious color. Any man knows they are painted, unless perchance you caught your hand in a scythed chariot and your fingers are mangled and bleeding."

I never liked women anyway. I'm a very positive person, so set in my own path, that even the Church finally turned me down. Hmm! On looking back, I was the one who did the turning. That was back in the 3rd century after Christ. They did admit though, that I was an outstanding writer and one of the very best in my translation of the Bible. Later, you remember, I was a heretic. They'd like to know in what frame of mind I died. None of them knew, so they didn't ever write about it, though Jerome said I was extremely old when I died. You may have heard of him—rather sharp tongued at times. He did a fine job in his translation, called the Latin Vulgate. Quite a while after my time."

"Signor, the talk, if you don't mind my interrupting."

"I intend to discuss feminine adornment, which derives from suggestions by the fallen angels.¹ But granted that no mark of precondemnation has been branded on womanly pomp by the fate of its authors (the devils), let us examine the qualities of things so eagerly desired. Female habit carries with it a twofold idea—

¹—Translation taken from "The Ante Nicene Fathers," Vol. IV "ON THE APPAREL OF WOMEN," Translator, Rev. S. Thelwell.

dress and ornament. By dress we mean what they call 'womanly gracing,' by ornament what should be called 'womanly disgracing'. The former includes gold, silver, gems and garments; the latter care of the hair, of the skin and all that attracts the eye.

Gold and silver, desired for worldly splendor are valuable only in parts where they are scarce. Their nature is earth, from which they have their being. Earth is more glorious, because it is only after it has been tearfully wrought by penal labor, in the deadly laboratories of accursed mines, that the term "earth" is left behind in the fire and gold, as a fugitive from the mine, passes from torments to ornaments, from ignominy to honours. By nature, gold is not a whit more noble than iron or brass, which are thought vile. In reality, they are worth more to man; no mattock plunges a golden edge into the ground to cultivate it; no nail drives a silver point into planks.

What about jewels? These are little pebbles, stones and paltry particles of earth. They give no density to roofs, no foundations for walls or pillars. The only edifice they know how to rear is this silly pride of women.

From the British or Indian Sea they fish up a conch. It tastes not as good as the oyster or sea snail; not better than the giant muscle. If the conch suffers from an internal pustule, this is a defect not a glory, yet it is called a pearl, though some say the pearl comes from the forehead of a dragon. Is it thus that Christian woman sets her heel on the devil's head; while she heaps ornaments (taken) from his head on her own neck, or on her very head? ¹

That which God has not produced does not please Him; unless He was unable to order sheep to be born with purple and sky-blue fleeces. If He was able, then plainly He was unwilling; what God willed not, ought not to be fashioned.

I am not recommending wildness of appearance, but a just measure of cultivation of the person. One over steps the line of God's pleasure, when one rubs the skin with medicaments, stains the cheeks with rouge or makes the eyes prominent with antimony, choosing instead of the Divine Artificer His Adversary the devil, who undoubtedly adapted ingenious devices of this kind. Whatever is plastered on, is the devil's work.

I see some women turn the color of their hair with saffron. They

1—One may feel that Tertullian takes undue liberties here in his eschatology, for the crushing of the serpent's head is the unique privilege of Mary Immaculate. Also one may wonder whether the beauties of nature in the untold variety of flowers and trees, of brooks running through shady glens, of the oceans, emerald or aquamarine grandeur, spontaneously raised the heart of Tertullian to God, as was the case of many a woman saint, or many a Christian woman, yet uncanonized. A chaste pearl, a fire glowing opal, a scintillating diamond, can be enjoyed and admired, and be objects, showing the marvels of our heavenly Father's goodness, even though they adorn the throat of a plain but virtuous Christian woman. Had God wished His mineral world to be purely utilitarian, why did He give His creatures such varied properties and appearances?

are ashamed of their own nation, that their procreation did not assign them to Germany and to Gaul. They transfer their hair thither, with its flame color. Moreover, the force of the cosmetics burn ruin into their hair; and the constant application, even of undrugged moisture, lays up a store of harm for the head.

The Lord has said: 'Which of you can make a white hair black, or a black hair white?' They refute the Lord, saying: 'Behold, instead of black or white, we make it yellow—more winning in grace.' Also such as repent of having lived to old age do attempt to change the hair from white to black, while the more old age tries to conceal itself the more will it be detected. Here is a veritable eternity in the (perennial) youth of your head!

What service does all the labour spent in arranging the hair render to salvation? Why is no rest allowed to your hair, which must now be bound, now loosed, now cultivated, now thinned out? Some are anxious to force their hair into curls, some let it hang loose and flying, yet not with good simplicity. Besides, you affix, I know not what enormities of subtle and textile perukes; now after the manner of a helmet of undressed hide, as if it were a sheath for the head and covering for the crown; now a mass (drawn) backward toward the neck. The Lord's pronouncement is that no one can add to his stature. You, however, do add to your height some kind of rolls, or shield bosses, to be piled upon your neck. We shall see whether it be women so tricked out whom the angels will carry up to meet Christ in the air. I shall see whether you will rise with your ceruse and rouge and saffron in all that parade of head gear. In the present day, let God see you, as He will see you then.

I shall now point out some of our own, i.e., men's deceptive trickeries of form—to cut the beard too sharply; to pluck it out here and there; to shave round about (the mouth); to arrange the hair with vanity, and disguise its hoariness with dyes; to fix (each hair) in its place with (some) womanly pigment; to take every opportunity of consulting the mirror; to gaze anxiously into it. Seriousness in appearance and in countenance, and in the general aspect of the entire man, should mark our carriage.

Doubtless it was God who showed how to dye wool from juices of herbs and conchs, who devised the manufacture of garments, which, light and thin in themselves, were heavy in price alone. Forsooth it must have escaped Him, when He was bidding the universe to come into being, to issue a command for purple and scarlet sheep! Was it God who introduced (the fashion) of finely cut wounds for the ears, and set so high a value upon the tormenting of His own work, and the tortures of innocent infancy, learning to suffer from its earliest breath, in order that from those scars of the body, horn of steel, should hang, I know not what, (precious)

grains which the Parthians insert by way of studs in their very shoes?

It was not God, for these arts were introduced by sinful angels, who also introduced the use of eyelid-powders; and on these accounts have provoked the anger and vengeance of God!¹

"My time is up, ladies, though I could say much more on this topic, or on many others. If I am invited, I may come again, or perhaps come uninvited. You married women might discuss these suggestions with your husbands. With pleasure, I withdraw from your company. Vale!"

POST IMPRESSIONS

Poor rigid Tertullian, Master Mind. Much that he says is true; harsh is his manner of expressing truth. Had he possessed a saving sense of humour, he might have refreshed himself therewith, even to the extent of smiling at these human foibles, many of which fell far short of sin. A hearty laugh at a steeple of false hair, were it saffron, white or black, or at a dandy's beard cut in too fine a point, or at his hair too slickly pressed with pomade, or a joy created by the sight of a perfect pearl, encased in a golden clasp of rare workmanship, might have helped bend the iron rigidity of his judgment and will, which proved his own undoing.

Perhaps Tertullian fearing too much the little damsel Vanity, whom he has portrayed in this treatise, overlooked her more dangerous sister, Intellectual Pride.

Making Booklovers

By Sister M. Hortensia

"Reading is a marvelous achievement," so speaks Father H. C. Gardiner, S. J., "yet a natural one, if we know who we are. Because the truth is, you see, that we are made after the model of the Word. In us, faint but invincible, tiny yet glorious, pulses a spark from the eternal Light that knows all things, and as It can read in all the markings of the created page of time a meaning and a truth (because It gives meaning and truth to all) so we, made in Its image, can read thoughts and meanings on our printed and written pages. That is why fundamentally reading is so important."

The above quotation is taken from a preface written by Father Gardiner for a book on children's literature. It has been selected because it states so concisely the three topics to be discussed in this paper, namely, that reading is a natural achievement, that it

1—Close of selections from THE ANTE NICENE FATHERS

is an ability that we share with the Divinity because we are made to Its Image, and, that children's literature is fundamentally important particularly to parents and educators, as well as to all who are related to, or responsible for young folk.

If reading is a natural achievement, then children will read, and they will read for their own enjoyment. Even the child who dislikes reading as a part of a school task will exercise his intelligence on leisure-type reading of his own choice outside of school. Modern parents devote much thought and selection to the nutrition of the body of the child, not only in regard to *what* he eats and what he must *avoid*, but also that his diet be *balanced*. Just as Walter De La Mare says:

"It's a very odd thing—
As odd as can be—
That whatever Miss T eats
Turns into Miss T.,"

so one may say, "Whatever Johnny or Mary reads, turns into Johnny or Mary." This is literally as well as figuratively true. A child does not really read a book, he lives it. Every fond parent wishes Johnny to grow up to be a man of staunch ideals and character. Ideas are the stuff that ideals are made of, and the ideas to which Johnny will be loyal are those in which he has participated emotionally, as well as intellectually, over a period of time, i.e. the ideas that have been his daily mental food and which he has enjoyed. All that is written for children to read today, is not good. Suggestive, biased and bigoted books, one assumes will be detected readily and the child's mind kept from contact with them; but the book that is inadequate or warped, unless the adult is familiar with children's literature, may inadvertently find its way into the child's life. This is serious in the formative period of the child's and the adolescent's life, for once a taste is formed, whether for food or literature, the pattern of youth's choices is usually in line with that taste. Guidance is obviously necessary.

Again, if reading is selected for the Catholic child, it must be Catholic both with a capitol "C" and a small "c." Catholic culture is a way of life; it is a fact. If our children are to grow up to be virile Catholics, thinking with the mind of the Church, acting according to Catholic ideals, appreciating and enjoying the finer and lovelier things in life, that as Catholics they should enjoy, then their Catholic sense must be developed. The books that nourish these stalwarts of Holy Mother Church must be Catholic, i.e. all good books—books that depict wholesome achievement of human nature, Christian in character—and they must be balanced—biography and poetry, the imaginative and the historical tale, the Bible and the classics, devotional literature and the drama, and finally, humor,—give them the right things to laugh about, all the whimsy and nonsense that they can take, for too long have the

comics been allowed to be the sole formative material in this field. If the children's reading is catholic in this sense, then it will be truly Catholic.

Historically, there are two pivotal periods in literature for Catholic children in America that are pertinent to this paper. One, in 1865, when the blue-covered weekly that we are all so familiar with, the *Ave Maria*, was inaugurated at Notre Dame. It had a children's section to which pioneer Catholic writers in the field of children's literature contributed serial stories, and for which children waited from week to week breathlessly. The three favorite authors were Mary E. Mannix, Anna T. Sadlier, and Mary T. Waggoner. From that time to the present the growing consciousness for the need of our best writers to devote their pens to the cause of children's books has resulted in an output so large that those who supervise children's reading have been in need of guidance themselves.

Father F. X. Downey, S. J. during his connection with the Catholic Book Club, made a special point when giving retreats and lectures, to stress the importance of selective reading. In a letter to the writer in 1935 he said that it was too late to "form" readers after they had attained adulthood, and that he was turning his attention to a children's Catholic book club. With this zealous apostle, to think was to act, and with the assistance of Mary Kiely, the "Pro Parvulis Book Club" for children came into existence. His standards for a children's literature were that it should be so well written that an adult could enjoy it for its style, its content should be Christian and free from direct and indirect propaganda of any sort. Father Downey died after seven years of intense devotion to this idea and Mary Kiely is carrying on Pro Parvulis at 820 Empire State Building, N. Y. C., while another Catholic book club was started a couple of years ago by a brother priest of Father Downey's, Father Joseph Carroll, S. J. the "Catholic Children's Book Club," 70 East 45th Street, N. Y. C. This latter has the advantage that it is run on the basis of adult clubs whereby the subscriber agrees to purchase at least four books a year at one dollar seventy-five cents. The Board reads the books before publication and selects the finest in biography, history, and fiction, for four age levels, boys and girls from six to eight, the same from eight to eleven, boys twelve to sixteen, and girls twelve to sixteen.

February, with its annual celebration of Book Week, has again emphasized the necessity for good books. Why not ensure the integrity of our youth's leisure-type reading and enroll your child in one of the Catholic book clubs for his age? Two years ago one of the Alumnae members did this and asked if there were no way of letting all of Mount St. Mary's Alumnae know all that it meant to her children. It has been the writer's privilege to try to do this in this paper in the hope that more of our children will be

reading better religiously, artistically, morally, and patriotically, that they will be reading better history and adventure stories, that the best in literature, as in life may be the portion of these children of God and heirs of Heaven.

Music In The Post War World

By Sister M. Celestine

Thinking men and women are concerned in these post-war days with the need for understanding among the peoples of the world. Without mutual trust and confidence we cannot build the World Peace we all so fervently desire. The "United Nations" organization has been formed to contrive means by which the peoples of all nations can live peacefully together, yet all the treaties signed, and all the resolutions formulated will have little effect if there is not mutual understanding among nations.

A merely intellectual concept of brotherhood is not enough. It will never be a reality until the peoples are aroused to sympathy each for the other. The ideal of brotherhood is not something to be delegated to statesmen, but something to be put into practice in daily living. This ideal must begin at home.

How? The ways are many. Perhaps the way, least subject to misinterpretation, is through the art interpretation of the peoples themselves. Every civilization leaves in its arts a revealing record of its ideals, customs and beliefs. Indeed it sometimes happens that the chief means of reconstructing the life of a people is through the art it has left behind. The life of the Greeks, in the Fifth Century B. C., is not found in books of history, but in the sculpture of Phidias and the dramas of Sophocles. We find the picture of the Thirteenth Century in the cathedrals, and in the spiritual music of the Chant. So too, the spirit of our times is found not in the utterances of politicians but in the arts which we are forging out of this life around us. Music, despite its abstract nature, perhaps because of this very quality, plays its part in molding the culture of a nation. Music is a language which transcends all others—a language which requires no translation because it leaps the hurdle of intellect and speaks directly to the emotions. It is the language of the heart, known and beloved by all men, regardless of their time, place, race or creed. In no other language can the peoples of the world meet on a common ground of understanding.

At the season of Christmas, in every part of the world, people are thinking of the birth of Christ. To say that Christ was born is

to state a truth of overwhelming significance—to tell that story in the poetic words of the Gospels begets a much deeper effect. To combine the poetic words with the music and song of past ages and of many lands, so filled with the outpouring of faith and joy, is to create an ever greater emotional response in human hearts. Thus we see how music, by its abstract nature, becomes an agency most potent for stimulating human response. Because of this quality it becomes a means for helping in the diagnosis of a nation's culture. This potentiality should be used in our social reconstruction. Music can help in determining what, if anything, is wrong or good in a culture. The magnitude of music's area of influence is all-pervading. It heightens the effect of poetry and dancing; it serves as an outlet for creative expression; for response to environment; for release from inward unrest.

The folk and art music of a people provide an effective index to an attitude and way of life. Folk music especially, is the spontaneous expression of the people—it reflects every facet of life. Singing the songs of a people disposes me favorably to them. Song is a friendly hand extended to me, and when my songs are sung, in turn, they become friendly hands extended to others.

History shows that musical thought followed the political and industrial patterns of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is significant that the romanticism of the nineteenth century and the program or representative music of the early twentieth century were contemporary with the increased materialism of these times. Sociological struggles were reflected in representative music, such as "Music for Machines," or the "Rites of Spring" are foreshadowed perhaps unconsciously, the sociological changes that have been rending the world. Might it not have been possible if men had been more aware of the prophetic potentialities of music that the revolutionary times in which we now live could have been avoided instead of building unreasoning antagonism among opposing groups? As we realize the definite relationship between musical trends and sociological tendencies should not more care be taken in the choice of music offered in the concert hall, the radio, and the movies?

We can do much in our colleges to foster in students efforts to choose music that will encourage pro-social and peace-loving processes in the human race. Music is classed among the "humanities" and there was a time when such a classification was true, but to quote from a recent address given by the well known music educator Herved Hunt "Music very often finds itself not inside the humanities but occupying a place 'outside-looking in'." This condition no doubt arises from the idea that a college education must be practical first and cultural afterwards. True, we boast that we teach our students to appreciate Bach and Beethoven in the class room but when these same students can enjoy "Bloop Bleep" on

the outside, our efforts warrant further attention. We have just emerged from a war where we saw the flippant, not to say almost sacrilegious music, of "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition" take by storm a nation engaged in a death struggle. Does this not suggest a similarity between musical culture and the sociological characteristics of this period?

An organization formed recently by the citizens in Westchester County, New York, could be an inspiration to all who believe that the art of music is deeply connected with our spiritual growth as a nation and also reflects our national life. This organization is called the "United Nations Symphony." Its purpose is to further international understanding through the performance of the music of the United Nations.

This project may be emulated, even in a small way, by other communities doing in like manner. Even a community chorus can help, for when people sing together they are friendly to each other, and friendliness is the basis of world brotherhood. Music, the universal language, speaks the language of the heart and while it promotes mutual sympathy and understanding, it reflects, at the same time, the great music of the future which is dependent upon the visionary musical consciousness of today's musicians. We should then do all we can to emphasize the fact that the music of today can help make a better world of tomorrow.

The Education of a Heretic

A Phi Beta Kappa Prize Winning Essay

By Helen Shubert '32

I have spent my years of college up in virgin hills that overlook the sea. I have studied, chatted with friends, browsed and walked in, and sat on the pinnacle of, natural beauty. The silence out of doors, almost unbroken but for the wind and the birds in the chaparral, is considerate and charitable. It gives the inner voice a chance to be hearkened unto and to practice its native notes; and the tonal vitality of the hills finally impresses the spirit with the feeling that there are reflected in nature two tremendous principles—harmony and worthy purpose.

Yet at the beginning of my college course, within my own spirit there was only tumult. As year by year I witnessed the pageantry of commencement, with its file of graduates, halfsmiling, half-awed, following the faculty and the purple-mantled Bishop down the terraces, I longed to know if any of the serenity of spirit and self-possession, marking the departure of my senior friends from the hilltop, would eventually mark mine.

College has been for me a season of conflict. There has been, first, the turmoil of a temperament, roving and dramatic, seeking release from a shell of prosaic, conventional practicality, but above that have clashed opposing interpretations of life, the one materialistic and the other spiritual or idealistic. Now, on the eve of departure, I see this conflict to be heading toward a constructive conclusion. Indeed, the constructive portent of the solution is the only justification of these pages, for they are to relate an experience in which college, out of unchastened materials, constructed an idealist.

II

Largely because it was conveniently situated, I came, almost by chance, to a school of the Catholic Church, a stranger and an outsider, the most extreme of the unorthodox into the halls of the liveliest orthodoxy. An obstreperous German, I took up the intellectual challenge that was offered, or to put it more accurately, I set about challenging the philosophical establishment I met; for the faculty and my colleagues, I early discovered, seldom without special provocation, intruded a challenge upon my philosophical precincts.

Confronting me immediately was the alien concept of *authority*. Now to the free-lance "Modern Mind," authority is a tremendous and a fearsome thing. To me it was at first irksomely constraining, and I could not see how any true education might be built on the fundamental concept of this college. I found, however, in the task of synthesizing an inorganic mass of information and generalization, gleaned from books and professors, that as a working hypothesis this point of view, metaphysical of interpretation and authoritative of application, could at times be useful. A philosophy that is individualistic, that sets dishwashing and statecraft on a par before an ultimate End, a philosophy that makes completion and perfection of spirit the absolute determinant of worth, to which all other values are relative, has a strangely clarifying effect upon the complexities of daily living. It is a philosophy, one might say, that shoots through the stars and lodges in eternity. Under it, the individual of temperament becomes enhanced with a dignity and inner security that no social nor economic flux need ever crush. For those who fashion their lives according to its standard, it acts something like a shaft of polarized light that cuts through dusty air, revealing the vacillation of the particles and carrying the eye at the same time up to the source of the light.

Collegiate study and observation showed me that my original idea of authority, as an unnatural superstructure, did not entirely conform to the facts. If a student of history, for instance, did not care to take some remote informant's word for the events ascribed to the Sixth Century, then he had the uninviting, but logical, alternative of cutting himself off from all the romance and guidance afforded him by the world's memory. The text-book suggested, and

contemplation approved, then, all dogmatic considerations aside, there is a fundamental need for authority in volitional nature. Lack of assurance divides the courage, the will, and the consciousness of a people and plunges them into a confusion which destroys constructive or satisfying action. Peoples, then, function in a perpetual mental panic.

In like fashion I discerned that science and its concomitant philosophical inductions are so complicated, so far removed from immediate proof by the layman, that his only salvation is reliance upon the authority of the savant, although so divided is it as to be almost past recognition. Perhaps, after all, the chief difference between the authority of the Church and that of Science is, very largely, that the former is an united authority, and those who accept it at all must have the flexibility of mind to surrender their own authority to it. But in this difference may lie the solution of confusion. By it is achieved a harmony that supplies intellectual peace of mind.

III

At the hill-top I was permitted to examine not only a definitive, authoritative point of view, but I found an expansive view as well. It may easily be imagined how interesting I found the customs and the tone of the institution and with what avidity I examined and criticized them.

It was a young institution to which I came, still exuberant with a pioneer's enthusiasm. Yet I found that vital contact was kept with the past, by virtue of the unbroken life-history of the ecclesiastical organization of which it forms a part. For a young college, it shows a surprising amount of tradition. It lacks, of course, ivy on its walls and well-beaten pathways; it needs the stamp of a long succession of administrators who have fought for the high ideals of scholarship the first are implanting; it needs a body of mature graduates who have taken the spirit of the institution into their lives, in the valley below, and made it felt and recognized there. But while these things are being wrought, the tradition of the parent institution gives it soundness of spirit, breadth of contact, and the feeling of a precedent in scholarship. After all, what other traditions are of consequence?

The great surprise to me was that despite the presence of the school's ecclesiastical patrimony and the generally divergent views entertained by the faculty, my own views were respected. The theories and tenets of the vast heterodoxy, Christian and non-Christian, beyond the pale of approved thought, might be attacked, but the institutions or individuals supporting them were seldom ridiculed. The numerous faculty appointments held by representatives of this heterodoxy broadened the intellectual horizon, although they did not destroy the singleness of the point of view; and toward these men and women, the college, as far as I could see, adopted

the same considerate but uncompromising deference that I received. Nor was tolerance confined to the faculty. I saw the highest office in the power of the students to give, conferred upon one of their number outside their Faith.

The situation struck me as something like a piece of elastic, capable both of extension and definite shape. It is a situation not so inconsistent with the authoritative concept as it at first appeared; for if that authority is confident, self-assured, then it suffers nothing by wide contact, and those acknowledging it learn to carry it gracefully into a sea of diversity. The experience of living and studying in such an environment gave me a certain mental poise with which to witness the battles of economists and law-makers, humanists and astro-physicists, and with which to adapt myself to expanding conceptions of reality and to my own conflict of spirit. Yet, while this process of awakening, which I presume all young people undergo, was perplexing, I and my companions on the hill-top, happily, had at our disposal that which one may term a harmonizing agent. It was, in fact, their common point of view in action. No matter how conservative or how antagonistic that point of view may be to the changing conditions of today, it does, at least, afford a ballast to steady adjustment to these conditions. And in this case the ballast comprised a world experience two thousand years in the formation.

IV

As a free-lance and eclectic, rather than a product of the system I am not, perhaps, competent to judge its full effects upon the individual; yet it appears to me that in this Faith, touching the highest and the meanest details of life, evaluating everything toward a constant End, there is a leaven that naturally permeates life. It has, at last, a vitalizing effect upon scholastic life and upon the curriculum. While the education publications in the library lament the decentralization, the patch-work, accretional character of the American university curriculum, and endeavor to reorganize and socialize it on the pages of the catalogue and to tie up the information of the "major" studies with comprehensive examinations, this small college seems to thrive, unagitated by the problem perplexing the best educational engineers in the commonwealth.

Orientation into life for the young people in this school does not have to be accomplished solely through a train of academic departments and social units, the professorial management of which is itself divided upon what constitutes orientation. There are no "orientation" courses, those curious concoctions of selfappalled educators. In a word, the metaphysical and moral phases of philosophy are harmonized, and in the force of a common Faith, this college has what the great non-sectarian centers of learning lack to insure the vitalization of philosophical values. The community

of that Faith constitutes a bridge, a rectifying harmonizing agent—call it by any of a dozen names—between the truth of ideality and the truth of reality, with the weight thrown toward the realization of the ideal.

V

I realize now that the two principles of harmony and of worthy purpose that I early sensed in nature are also the fundamental elements in the atmosphere of this college. I realize now that they are the principles that one must look for constantly in life. They are there. One must train himself to find them. Together they form the concept of ideality.

So far, experimentation has convinced me of the greater adequacy of the idealistic interpretation of life as contrasted with the materialistic. For one who walked in conflict, as I did, with the mantle of pragmatism about her, one might say with her eyes upon the ground, the discovery of a kingdom within is a release. The release has about it a spark of the Renaissance. Well, it is a renaissance. But having subscribed to a spiritual ideal, not to an orthodoxy, there yet remains the long, painful process of remaking values.

The very location of my college symbolizes the process. If every college were built upon a hill, what an admirable preparation its location would give the young student for the struggle in which he must inevitably continue after graduation. Our hill stands firm, above the valley, where shimmering in the quiescent haze stretches a great city, harmonious in the distance. But descent to it distorts perspective and tempts to apathy. Under the pressure of traffic signals and clanging street-cars, Platonic idealism is wont to break down. Its divorce from present reality is too great. The medium of contact must be closer home. So in the thought, that scattered through the turmoil are those who are now engaged in living and thinking the idealistic way, is for me encouragement to continue the forging of my idealism. Four years is too short a time, of course, in which to complete a philosophic structure, perhaps not time enough to prove that it is more than collegiate cant. Still, my idealism seems to be holding up under the pressure of the traffic signals, yea, nourished in their midst. In the local oil-magnate's chromium-plated limousine, that almost shouts its destiny in the city dump, as it flies by, I am beginning to discern constants, permanent principles at work; and when that magnate has appeared in his third consecutive car within the year, I understand how the constant, for instance, of automotive propellent outlives the material medium in which I see it manifested. It seems, too, that recognition and appreciation of these constants ought to render my existence amid and use of their vehicles more intelligent and satisfying.

I finally might have developed this attitude without the acci-

VI

dent of contact with an idealistic, or spiritual, philosophy, but one which has in it the tradition of the black forests of my ancestors, needs the quickening power, the faith, which the idealistic philosophy supplies. By faith I mean the courage to go on after dark and to conserve one's energy from dissipation at the hands of the competitive, robbing forces of the be-vendored "market-place" in which we move. In line with this faith comes the conviction that the action of life must have a final end and repose outside itself or itself in procreation. So, it is the fear of purposeless action and its inadequacy to satisfy the soul, its inconsistency with the testimony of nature, that compels me, when I am in the valley, to cling to the idealistic concept. In the face of the world's history of sacrifice and courage, and the triumph of those who followed an ideal, who had the vision to yield their life-energy to some transcending, surviving principle outside themselves, I fear to fall back into a course less high.

Had I a poet's swift insight, I could, with much saving of ink, express these same thoughts. I have not that insight, but I can quote. In an anthology of modern verse there is a poem, written of a high mountain in distant China, that might as easily describe my experience at the hill-top:

*Space, and the clean winds of heaven,
And this sharp exultation, like a cry, after the slow six thousand
steps of climbing! . . .
Below my feet the foot-hills nestle, brown with flecks of green;
and lower down the flat brown plain, the floor of earth,
stretches away to blue infinity . . .
Space, and the twelve clean winds are here;
And with them broods eternity—a swift white peace, a presence
manifest . . .
I shall go down from this airy space . . .
Yet, having known, life will not press so close, and always I
shall feel time ravel thin about me . . .*

"And I shall feel time ravel thin about me." I think that I shall feel that. I think that time and the things of time will always keep at a sufficient distance, that I may see at work in them the patterns of some transcending design. And whether or no I remain outside that inner sanctum in which my companions on the hill-top practice the mysteries of their ancient Faith, still this can I share with them, this have they given me: that now I, too, can look down upon the sea, below the gray-green heights, and not only see an expanse of blue, but with that "inner-eye" behold eternity and in its never-resting pulse perceive the rhythm of my own enlivened spirit.

